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How a Christian Family Kept the Faith.

('Boston Congregationalist.')

The following experience is that of the family of Deacon Wau of the First Congregational Church in Peking, told in the words of his wife. They lived in a large court with several other families, some of whom were Boxers. Here is Mrs. Wau's story:

We were not afraid, though we felt anxious on account of our four children. If we should be killed and they left, who would care for them? June 13 I was alone in the house with the children. All day the neighbors had been talking of the terrible things that were to happen to the Christians. I heard of the burning of the Methodist Episcopal Mission and the London Mission—heard the shouting on the street of 'kill, kill, kill.' About eight o'clock I could see the flames of the American Board chapel and hear the noise made by the multitude gathered about the place. My husband did not come, and I thought he had been killed. I took the children all up stairs and then sat down and waited. They were crying for their father. While trying to comfort them, a friend came quietly up stairs and told me not to make any noise, but to come out on the street, where my husband was waiting for me. My little two-year-old girl was asleep, and I thought I would first go and see what was wanted and then come back for her.

We went out in the street, and there in a dark corner was my husband. His first words were: 'Where is our precious baby, can it be you have left her?' I said no, I wanted to see him first, and then if we were going to try to escape I would go back for her. The young man who had called me out said: 'You must not one of you go back into that court—I will get the baby. You stay here in this corner—but don't speak—if the people in the court know you are trying to get away, they will call out.' So he went in, got the baby, left the lamp burning so they would think we were still there.

We made our way along in the dark to a near court where a Christian family were living. From this court Mr. Wau climbed to the top of a temple belonging to a rich man living in a court at the front. I stood below, and he whispered down to me what he saw and heard. We heard the church bell at American Board chapel fall and a general shouting of voices. Afterward a man went by, calling out if there are any followers of the foreign devils about they had better escape at once, as a house to house search is to be made by the Boxers before midnight. Every follower will be killed. From the temple roof my husband saw them go to our house three times.

At last he said, it is no use to think we can escape them, but we will try. Don't let the children make a bit of noise. I will carry them one by one to the roof here, then we can talk and plan. He took the children up, and one by one carried them along the wall, then got on to the roof. I told my little girl not to cry, that papa would be very careful. She said, 'Yes,' and was perfectly still. I do not know how I managed to climb to the top of that eight-foot wall, to walk along the narrow top and then crawl up the roof of the temple. All the time it seemed as if I was helped from behind. A big tree overshadowed the roof and we hid under the branches, watching the burning of the chapel and homes of the friends we loved. All over the city were fires, and the screaming of the mob was terrible. It was a horrible night. At last we climbed into the tree and reached the ground—bruised and torn. We hid in a little empty room back of the temple.

At last, about light, one of the servants saw us and told his master. We all six of us got down on our knees and entreated them to hide us for a few days, but they said no, there was to be a house-to-house search in the city and if they sheltered Christians then they would suffer. I borrowed a needle and thread, sewed up the rents in our garments, they gave the children some bread and we went out. My husband walked ahead carrying the baby and I followed after with the other three children. Soon we met a band of soldiers; some did not notice us; others said: 'Here are some. Let's kill them.' Others said, 'Let them go; can you not see it is one family? Let them off this time. Even with the knives drawn I did not tremble.

They went on and we made our way first to the home of my sister-in-law. They were very kind to us and said we will all die together. We had been there but a short time when their landlord came and said we must go. Our relatives entreated for us and with us, but no, 'go' was the word. They hired a cart for us and we left the city by the east gate. We went to a cemetery and hid there till dark. We heard people on the road saying that all the foreigners had been killed, and when we reached the quiet spot of the dead it seemed as if our hearts would break. With one voice we lifted up our hearts and cried till it seemed as though our eyes were gone.

After dark we made our way to some relatives living a mile from the cemetery. At first they welcomed us, but some one came and told them the Boxers were coming for us. Then they said we must go. My husband told them to hide us in their brush pile and if the Boxers came they would set fire to it. I told them we were not afraid of death; what we feared was that we could not all die together. At last they let us

go into an empty room at the back of the yard. The children went to sleep at once. So did their father, but my heart was so sad I could not sleep. About midnight the man of the family came and said we must get up and go on. They did not dare have us stay any longer.

We went out into the cold and darkness. My eldest daughter lost her shoes and went in her stocking feet. We all had blisters on our feet, as we were not used to walking. We went through a village, and, though we did not talk and walked very quietly, the dogs commenced to bark. Some one called out, 'Who goes there?' We said, 'Travellers.' 'I know who you are, you are followers of devils and are out scattering medicine,' said the man who had hailed us. He then called to his neighbors and we turned off into the fields and hurried along. We went to a village where we had some distant relatives, but found no open door. We walked for some distance till we came to a large family cemetery. The keeper was a kind man and lived there all alone. He told us to come in and said he would do his best, but the owner of the place was a Boxer, and it was not safe for Christians to stay. He got us some supper. It was very poor and dry. Our lips were all cracked from fever and thirst, and I asked him to give us some porridge.

We had a quiet night, but in the morning the keeper said it would not do for us to stay. Then my husband became discouraged. He said the best and only thing for us to do is to go and give ourselves to the Boxers. We will only ask them to please kill the children first, and then you and I will die together. The suffering will not last over two hours, and then all sorrow will be over. I agreed to this. He then called the three oldest children, Wen Ping, Paul and Peter. Said to them:

'My children, your father would suffer for you if he could, but he cannot. The Boxers will ask you if you are Christians, if you say no they will let you off, if you say yes then they will kill you; but that only means suffering a little, and then we will be with Jesus.' The children one after the other said, 'I will say I am a Christian, I love Jesus, I am not afraid to die.'

It did not seem as though we could walk any more. The keeper said at last he would see if he could get the cart of a friend. He went out, and we all had prayer together. After a time the cart came, and we started for Pekin. We did not meet any Boxers but saw them in the distance. We went to one of the church member's houses, only to find it in ruins, then to a place we owned, but had rented. Our tenants not only would not take us in, but refused to pay us money they owed us. We drove from street to street. At last I saw my husband was nearly desperate, and I whispered to him, 'God has let us come all this road and we have not met Boxers; we must not seek death; perhaps he means us to live.'

The carter then got to talking with some people and learned that the Methodist Episcopal Mission had not been attacked, so with great joy we made our way across the city and were received with open arms. The children jumped up and down in the cart, and said: 'It is almost as nice as getting to heaven.' It did seem so to us after the anxious hours. During the siege our dear little girl died, and heaven seems very near to us now.

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscription extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

The Post Office Crusade.

A request came lately for papers to be sent to an educated man who has been attacked with leprosy, and who has begn completely separated from his people. We are asked for our 'brightest and best,' as the case is so interesting.

With the request, or close on it, came sufficient to order 'The Weekly Witness,' 'Sabbath Reading,' 'World Wide,' and 'Northern Messenger' direct from the office. For this money we thank A Tenth Giver in Southend, Ont.; A Friend in Ottawa, and others whose names are unknown. If any one can send this isolated brother a copy of 'The Christian Herald,' 'The Youth's Companion,' or some good magazine like 'The Leisure Hour,' 'The Sunday at Home,' 'Westminster,' etc., will they kindly send stamped addressed envelope for address. Please do not ask me to write. The correspondence is so great that my strength is failing.

I have answered questions in the 'Messenger' several times, but still they are asked. I want to do all I can, but I am never strong. Another request has come. It reads thus in part:—

'Through some of our missionaries I have heard of the Post Office Crusade. For some time the educated natives of my district have been asking for a reading room. I would very much like to open one if I had a supply of literature.

'Such papers as 'The Weekly Witness,' 'Christian Herald,' and illustrated magazines would be very useful, etc.'

My friends, are we to enter this open door? Here is a new field in a part of India unknown to me. The letter was not solicited.

For a reading room it is better to supply direct from the publisher, and not have a confusion of periodicals. Personally I reap no money benefit from the Crusade. The commission allowed by the 'Witness' Office all goes to renewals or fresh subscriptions. So from us all, this work must be one of love only. I can give my time and store up the mites. Five cents with a good heart behind can in God's hands be more useful than the millions of one who never feels the pinch of giving because of a plenty.

Is there not some one who would like to consecrate their parlor—have some young people prepare a nice programme, invite a number, take up a collection and send it on to help the reading rooms. When you do it, remember it is for God and country. This Post Office Crusade, in its way, is an Imperial ray of sunshine. After you hold your Post Office Crusade parlor meeting, write up a bright description and mail it to the 'Northern Messenger.' We could put thousands of dollars into this work and it would be splendidly invested money for the sweet by and by.

I am always perplexed to know what to do when folks wish to open up a correspondence with those to whom they send papers. One lady who writes a beautiful hand sent a graceful letter to a native with her papers. In return came a most rude reply. She took another address. Since then, by watching the newspapers where are accounts of prominent people in India, I find that her gifts by press are going to a most refined and cultured home. One parcel was returned to me. I had forgotten to cut off the address. These are hints of the shade in our work, and it is not all sunshine. However, the rays are bright at times. Down by the sea a boy wrote to India. In his reply was an enclosure for me. I append it, as you will then see how grateful some natives are in India. Faithfully,

M. E. COLE.

112 Irvine Ave., Westmount, Que.

Ongole, India.

My Dear Friend in Christ,—I received a letter to-day from ——. He wrote you have informed him of me who is a poor helpless orphan in India. I thank God that he gave me new friends in foreign land, which is 1,000 miles far to me. I wish to hear your well fare. I hope we can help each other through prayer henceforth. I don't know how did you hear of me. I hope I shall write more information of me and the work in the Lord in my next letter. I know you are increasing the love of God.

Remember me in your daily prayers. With best wishes. Yours truly. ——

LETTER FROM 'DONALD.'

Kasur, India, April 15, 1902.

My dear Mrs. Cole,—I thank you very much for the stamps and papers. The plague is very bad here, lots of people die of it every day. Robin and I are going to Landour to school in about ten days, and will stay with a lady. Some native boys come here every day and we play cricket. I am learning carpentering. In Ladiana the plague is much worse. Once a man had plague and he died and his wife got plague too, and before she was dead they carried her off and left her in a ditch and she died in three days. There was a girl, she was ill and they took her to a mission hospital, and it was plague, and the doctor said to take her to the plague hospital, so they took her on a bed to the grave yard. Two ladies followed her to see what they did to her. They were going to bury her alive, but when they saw the ladies they dropped the bed and ran away. The ladies took the girl to the plague hospital, but she died. We have two horses, two cows, and a dog. His name is Dash. Your loving DONALD.

We thank Mrs. J. Cool, of Vernonville, Ont., very much for sending us literature for India. But we would take this opportunity of saying that people who are kind enough and care to take part in the Post Office Crusade should send their literature direct to India to Miss H. E. Dunhil, 12 South Parade, Bengalore, India, or if they write to Mrs. Cole, 112 Irvine Ave., Westmount, Que., enclosing stamped envelope, she will, no doubt, send other Indian addresses. When mailing literature to India, it should be done up strongly, as it has a very long way to travel. The postage rates, too, should be carefully ascertained before despatching a parcel.

Kept Moment by Moment.

The following striking incident took place recently at Northfield: A Christian worker during one of the young women's conferences had been praying for and working with a young woman whose courage failed her when pressed to surrender herself to Christ. 'How can I be sure I can hold out?' she said.

After supper the two were strolling in the darkness up to the meeting, the worker pleading for Christ. The auditorium was brilliantly lighted, the meeting was beginning, but the worker persuaded the girl to kneel for prayer under one of the trees. Just then a clear voice began, 'Dying with Jesus, by death reckoned mine,' and the two knelt quietly as the voice went on from verse to verse:

'Never a heartache, and never a groan,
Never a tear-drop, and never a moan,
Never a danger but there on the throne
Moment by moment He thinks of His own.'

In the pause which followed the closing words the girl said, 'That is enough. I take him for my Master.'—'Zion's Herald.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Indian Babies.

(By Florence Bledsoe Crofford, in 'Ledger Monthly.')

When a tiny papoose makes its appearance in a red man's tepee, the event calls for great rejoicing and ofttimes hilarious feasting, if the little stranger happens to be a boy.

Among the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache Indians there is an ancient and interesting custom still extant. The father of the newly arrived papoose rushes from the tepee in search of a name, neither stopping nor speaking to any one until some peculiarly striking object arrests his attention and suggests a name for the baby.

For instance, the first object that strikes him forcibly may be an old squaw stretched out on the ground in front of her tepee snoring loudly, then his little one will bear the musical name of Da-ma-a, which in the Indian language means 'Sleeping woman;' or, if his search for a name leads him far from the camps and he espies a solitary coyote (prairie wolf), creeping stealthily across the prairie, the embryonic redskin warrior will straightway be dubbed 'Lone Wolf.'

If the father's fancy is first attracted to a buck hobbling his pony on the grass, poor baby will be burdened with the queer name of 'Horse Hobbler;' or perchance through the usually phlegmatic temperament of the father runs a rare vein of sentiment, and he pauses in his hasty quest to gaze with pleasure upon a beautiful wild prairie blossom, then the little girl will get the pleasing name of 'Prairie Flower.'

In all cases an Indian baby takes its name from some extraordinary circumstance connected with its birth. One born a long way from home is called 'Born-a-Long-Way-from-Home,' another whose advent occurred in sight of a river bridge is named 'Un-ka-ma,' which is the Indian for bridge, etc., etc.

The naming of the little one having been accomplished, it is given over entirely to the mother's care, the father troubling himself no more in regard to his papoose.

Securely fastened in her queer cradle, little 'Prairie Flower' swings from the top of the brush arbor near her father's tepee, rocked by the playful breezes, her wee brown face peering smilingly from out its trappings of gayly beaded buckskin, and her sharp little eyes blinking at the sunbeams shining through the leafy roof, or the flames of the nightly camp-fire leaping up to mingle with the moonlight. These cradles are ornamented by the clumsy fingers of loving mothers, with beads, shells, elks' teeth, bright pieces of glass or tin, queer-shaped bones and beaded trinkets, all hung within reach of the chubby brown fists. Baby soon learns to rattle her primitive playthings gleefully. Strange as it may seem, she sometimes thrives in her cramped quarters and enjoys as a great treat a change to the blanket on her mother's back when the toiling squaws are sent to the scant timber stretches along the creeks to bring up firewood and water for the camp.

As soon as little Prairie Flower can toddle about she is taught to share the burdens of her mother. I have seen a tiny tot with a bundle of fagots strapped upon her baby shoulders toiling up a steep river bank behind a groaning, sweating squaw bent double beneath her heavy load of firewood—a veritable beast of burden.

The Indian woman accepts her lot of pack-horse and drudge with a stoicism worthy of a better cause. From babyhood she is the toiler of the tepee and the willing slave of a cruel and imperious husband, who goads her on to greater tasks with quirt and lash. Attempted civilization has not bettered her condition one iota out on the reservations, though when found near white

APACHE SQUAW AND PAPOOSE.

settlements she is observed to try in her feeble way to become enlightened and walk in the 'white man's road.' She will, if possible, obtain possession of a real baby carriage, which she generally fills with firewood and pushes along proudly, while carrying her papoose swinging in a shawl or blanket on her back.

If she sees a handsome red damask table-

KIOWA PAPOOSE IN DEERSKIN INDIAN CRADLE.

cloth alluringly displayed at the agency store, she will spend the last dollar of her 'grass money' for it, and winding it tightly about her hips in lieu of the inevitable blanket, strut about as proudly as the haughtiest dame of fashion in her Parisian gowns. The amusements of the little Indian girls are few, but their tasks are many. They are taught at a tender age to unsaddle, feed, water and hobble their brothers' and fathers' ponies, to help provide the wood and water for the camps, to tend the camp-fires, assist in preparing the food, and wait upon the bucks.

The Indian youth, on the other hand, enjoys the liveliest diversions. One of the first things he is taught is the use of the ancient bow, from which he quickly learns to speed the swift arrow with unerring aim.

He is at home upon the sturdy little ponies of the plains from babyhood, and revels in a rollicking, happy freedom as he canters across the wind-swept prairie.

Horse-racing is their favorite pastime, though they enjoy a ball game that somewhat resembles polo, and a game of chance called 'monte.' The nimble young redskins paddle and dive in the pebbly-bottomed creeks with the same ease as do the wild ducks that fall a frequent prey to their ready rifles. They hunt from their haunts on the prairie coveys of shy brown quail and plover and the toothsome wild turkey, and even such big game as deer, elk and antelope attest the skill of the young huntsmen.

The sole diversion permitted to Indian squaws and girls is the marvellously beautiful bead-work embroidery wrought out so skilfully in color designs upon buckskin leggings, moccasins, and the pouches and geegaws sold as curios to eager tourists; besides this accomplishment they are also experts in developing quaint designs in tiny shells and elks' teeth upon their buckskin robes of ceremony.

The Indian squaw is tenderly attached to her offspring, and will protect it with her own life. The father, too, shows as much affection as his savage nature will permit.

At the death of a little child witnessed in an Indian tepee, the mother appeared to be broken-hearted and wept bitterly, while great tears rolled down the rugged cheeks of the warrior father as he kissed his dying boy and tenderly wiped the death-damp from his brow.

A Soul's Talk With Its Saviour.

I said, 'Let me walk in the fields;'
  He said, 'No! walk in the town;'
I said, 'There are no flowers there.'
  He said, 'No flowers, but a crown.'

I said, 'But the skies are black;
  There is nothing but strife and din.'
But He wept as He sent me back;
  'There is more,' He said; 'there is sin.

I said, 'But the air is thick
  And clouds are veiling the sun.'
He answered, 'Yet souls are sick,
  And souls in the dark undone.'

I said, 'I shall miss the light,
  And friends will miss me, they say.'
He answered, 'Choose to-night
  If I am to miss you or they.'

I pleaded for time to be given.
  He said, 'Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in heaven
  To have followed the steps of your Guide.'

—Selected.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is June, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Gladstone on Temperance.

THE GREAT STATESMAN AS A MORAL REFORMER.

(By Thomas W. Casey, Napanee.)

After the death of Gladstone the editor of 'The Templar' requested Mr. Casey to prepare a paper on the great statesman's position in regard to temperance and temperance legislation. This was done and the article was at once published. It has since been republished in England, in 'The Alliance News,' the organ of the United Kingdom Alliance,' with a very favorable notice from the editor. As the question of temperance legislation is now attracting so much attention in Canada, the facts presented are of more than passing interest.

Mr. Casey writes: Now that the earthly career of England's 'Grandest Old Man,' William Ewart Gladstone, has come to an end, some facts and remembrances of his position in regard to the great temperance question may be of more than passing interest. Gladstone may be considered, all in all, as England's great moral reformer of the nineteenth century. The prohibition reform, and especially in England, will be the great reform of the twentieth century. Gladstone was, therefore, born too early to be in full participation of the spirit of the movement, though he was evidently greatly in sympathy with it. He evidently clearly foresaw, especially in his later years, as did his early contemporary, Richard Cobden, that 'the temperance cause lies at the foundation of all social and political reform.' John Bright, Gladstone's colleague in one of the great Liberal Governments, no doubt pretty fully expressed his sentiments also when he said that 'the love of strong drink is the greatest obstacle to the diffusion of education among the masses of the people.'

Gladstone became, in his later and more mature years, an earnest advocate of education and of social and political reform, and became, therefore, more friendly to both the teetotal and the prohibition movements. He evidently saw that intemperance stood in the way of all such progress, and became more and more convinced that as long as the drink traffic continued, drinking and drunkenness was also sure to continue.

REGARDING TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

Gladstone was all his lifetime a strictly temperate man, according to the ideas of temperance that prevailed in his early days. That, of course, merely meant temperate drinking of the milder kinds of liquors, and always avoiding any excess that bordered on intoxication. I have never read that he was once 'the worse of liquor,' or that he ever indulged in spirits at all, though reared at a time and in the society of those who, at his early life, thought it no disgrace to become quite intoxicated at festive occasions. He was a total abstainer from tobacco during all his life. No doubt, like the gifted and noted Thomas Edison of today, he felt he had 'better use for his brains' than to abuse them by the most common and popular of all brain intoxicants. He had better use for his nerves, too, than to narcotise and derange them by tobacco. To these two facts may be attributed his grand old age, and the full possession of his mental and nearly all his physical powers to away past his fourscore years. His case was a beautiful illustration of the lesson taught by Shakespeare, in one of his excellent characters:

'Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore, my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.'

IN SYMPATHY WITH ABSTAINERS.

It was not until after the days of the celebrated 'Seven men of Preston,' with whom the name of Joseph Livesey became so prominently associated, that most Englishmen had their eyes opened to the fact that true temperance consists in total abstinence from things hurtful, and especially so in the matter of intoxicants. To this day that idea has not yet got hold of some really well-meaning men in England. Gladstone was evidently an interested observer of the total abstinence, or 'teetotal' movement all the way through. He evidently was an admirer of the spirit and the grand work of Father Mathew, which had its beginning in his earlier years. Writing to Mr. Maguire, the popular biographer of that great temperance apostle, he said:

'The pledge must, I think, be judged not so much upon its abstract merits as with reference to the frightful evil it was designed to meet, and thus Father Mathew himself is to be regarded, with reference to the chief cause of his public celebrity, rather in the spirit than in the letter of his acts. But, so regarded, and so understood, what a glorious career it was of apostolic labor and self-sacrifice.'

At a much later time, when the famous 'Blue Ribbon movement' broke out in England, a year or so after we heard and saw so much of it in this country, Mr. Gladstone said of it: 'From the first I have watched the temperance question with great interest, but I am bound to say that no phase of it has ever yielded me so much satisfaction as this has done. To witness the large number of ministers of all denominations, and, of course, the still larger number of members of perhaps all churches, wearing the blue ribbon, is an exceedingly gratifying circumstance, and speaks well for the future; indeed, I firmly believe, as far as this matter is concerned, that much brighter days will soon, in God's good providence, dawn upon us.'

ON TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

Gladstone was all the time in advance of public opinion in England—as expressed in Parliament, at all events—on the matter of temperance legislation. It is truly wonderful to note how far behind Canada is legislation in England as regards the drink traffic, both in the matter of restrictions under license, local option and prohibition. Even such advanced temperance workers as Lady Henry Somerset, Dean Farrar and Sir Wilfrid Lawson are of opinion that prohibition will not be a subject of practical politics for years to come yet in England—until public opinion has advanced far beyond its present stage.

The Gladstone Government twice attempted to have a Local Option Act passed in Parliament, and yet its provisions fell far short of our own Scott Act, they failed, and, no doubt, it was one of the causes of their defeat at the last general election. So strong are the liquor interests in England that Lord Rosebery, Gladstone's successor, no doubt but spoke the plain truth when he said if the Government does not control the liquor interests they will control the Government. That the liquor interests are now in control in England is evident enough. And yet Gladstone, while living, and such of his well-known colleagues as Sir William Harcourt, John Morley and others, were convinced their measure was right and just, though unpopular, and they are resolved to stand or fall by it yet.

It seems somewhat pitiful that his son and successor, Herbert Gladstone, M. P., is inclined to throw Local Option overboard, so far as the Liberal party is concerned, not because it is not just and right, but because it is not yet so popular with the people as to be a source of party strength. It will be remembered, too, what a grand fight Gladstone and his leading followers put up, a few years ago, when the Tory Government tried to have the principle of vested rights and compensation recognized in connection with the retail license system. They thoroughly defeated that measure, and it had to be withdrawn from Parliament.

He was an active supporter of the Irish Sunday Closing Act, too, which still remains law. It would, no doubt, have been extended to all the cities of Ireland, and to England as well, before this time, if he could have had his own way in this matter.

One measure of his, well-intended, no doubt, turned out to be a very grave mistake. That was the encouragement of the sale of wines and beer at groceries. The theory of many years ago, and with some even yet, was that if the uses of the lighter and less intoxicating liquors were encouraged, they would do away with the demand for spirits. Gladstone's measure to that end was, from a temperance standpoint, the greatest mistake of his law-making experience. As early as 1830 an attempt was made of discouraging the 'gin palace' by as near free trade as was practical in beer. According to the London 'Times,' 'the sale of beer was increased, but the sale of spirituous liquors was not diminished.'

It was soon after the passage of that measure that the celebrated Sidney Smith wrote, in his own witty way: 'The new Beer Bill has begun its operations. Everybody is drunk. Those who are not singing are sprawling. The sovereign people are in a beastly state.' This was about the time Gladstone entered public life; but years later he tried a similar experiment with regard to wines and with a similar experience.

ABOUT THE REVENUE QUESTION.

It was while Mr. Gladstone was at one time Chancellor of the Exchequer that he made the memorable and often-quoted saying to a deputation of brewers who waited on him in regard to the malt tax duties, in which they intimated the Government revenue would be greatly affected by his proposed course. He then said: 'Gentlemen, you need not give yourselves any trouble about the revenue. The question of revenue must never stand in the way of needed reforms. Besides, with a sober population, not wasting their earnings, I shall know where to obtain the revenue.'

A successor, Sir Stafford Northcote, though differing entirely in politics, agreed with him on this point of revenue. When Chancellor of the Exchequer of a Tory Government, he said, in his budget speech:

'If the revenue diminishes from increased habits of temperance, the amount of wealth such a change would bring to the nation would utterly throw into the shade the amount of revenue that is now derived from the spirit duty. . . . We should

find in various ways that the Exchequer would not suffer from the losses which it might sustain in that direction.'

The opinion of these distinguished Imperial statesmen may be of some value just now to such timid Canadians as hesitate to assist in ridding Canada of its most blighting traffic lest, forsooth, the revenue might suffer. It is easy to raise a revenue in any country where the people are sober and prosperous. That is just the tendency of prohibition. Gladstone knew what it was to face a public deficit. He was a member of the Peel Government when the corn laws were repealed, involving a vast loss of revenue. On him devolved the maturing of a new tariff measure. At one stroke the 1,200 duty-paying articles on the old tariff lists were reduced to 750. There had been a previous deficit under the Melbourne Administration of $12,500,000 a year, and he managed to transform that into a surplus of $13,500,000 in 1844. The people had become more prosperous and the revenue was easy to raise.

Gladstone well knew, too, that in consequence of Father Mathew's great temperance revival the Government revenue on Irish spirits fell from $6,209,110 in 1840 to $4,262,090 in 1844, yet there was an increase in customs duties at Dublin alone of $380,000, principally on tea and sugar and such articles as the poorer people use, when not kept too poor because of drink. The revenue question, because of increased temperance among the people, is never one to excite the fears of the truly enlightened statesman. And even if it should, Gladstone was right in saying that no such considerations should ever stand in the way of moral reform. 'Is not the life more than meat and the body than raiment?

THE GREAT HISTORICAL SCOURGES.

There is another notable saying of Gladstone's, made use of in a speech in the House of Commons, in 1840, which was really not his, but adopted by him. It was Charles Buxton, M. P., at one time a great English brewer, who first wrote:

'Add together all the miseries generated in our times of war, famine and pestilence the three great scourges of mankind, they do not exceed these that spring from this one calamity.'

It was in reference to this that Gladstone said in the Commons:

'It has been said that greater calamities are inflicted on mankind by intemperance than by the three great historic scourges, war, pestilence and famine. This is true for us, and is the measure of our disgrace and discredit.'

Both these earnest men spoke, no doubt, their earnest convictions, after years of study and thought of the question. Both, no doubt, saw the national need there was of a remedy. In the light of to-day who can resist the conviction, that any remedy short of one prohibiting the importation, manufacture or sale of all alcoholics for beverage purposes will never fully accomplish the desirable end?

THE PROVINCE OF LAW.

Gladstone also struck the keynote of the great prohibition movement when he once declared, in one of his memorable speeches: 'It is the province of law to make it as easy as possible for the people to do right and as difficult as possible to do wrong.' This, we believe, is, too, an adaptation, and not an original saying. Sir Edward Sullivan, in his able work on Social Reform, in which he strongly advocated the 'Permissive Bill,' supported by Mr. Gladstone in Parliament, says: 'Drinking ought to be made difficult instead of easy; every legal hindrance should be put in the way of procuring drink. The law should be so severe and so prompt that it would not pay for men of bad character, who were not determined to observe the law, to enter the publican's business. This would free the country from a host of leeches who suck the life-blood of the nation, and fatten like dung-flies on impurities of the people.' Some might call that 'the intemperate language of temperance men.' But neither of these men were 'temperance fanatics,' but men of clear and enlightened views, giving forth the broad principles on which all good law and government should be founded. A law totally prohibiting the vending of intoxicating liquors is one founded on just such broad principles as are here laid down.

TEMPERANCE AND ENDURANCE.

Gladstone was a man of marvellous endurance, both in the matter of careful study and research and of the worries in the House of Parliament. This was a marked characteristic even up to his old age, and it was one of the great secrets of his wonderful success. He was always master of the great questions of finance, or reform, or whatever might happen to be under discussion, even up to their minute details. During the long and angry debate in Parliament on the Irish Home Rule question, which lasted some weeks and wore out most of the members, both as regards temper and physical endurance, the papers remarked at the time that Gladstone, though then an octogenarian, stood all this wear and tear better than almost any other man in the House. None were more temperate.

Many years before, when the great Richard Cobden was such a leading spirit in the Anti-Corn Law campaigns, both in Parliament and throughout the country, he used to say that himself and two or three other total abstainers associated with him stood all the fatigues and annoyances as none others did, and they attributed the fact of their superior endurance to their total abstinence. If our Canadian newspaper reports of certain doings at Ottawa are correct, we have a lot of M.P.'s just now to whom such lessons ought to be of great value. Sir Andrew Clark, M.D., was for years Mr. Gladstone's consulting physician and warm personal friend up to the very time that the Grand Old Man followed his physician to the grave as a chief mourner. No doubt Sir Andrew more than once said to him, as he said publicly to many others:—

'I have the evidence in my own personal experience of the enormous number of people who pass before me every year, and I state that alcohol is not a helper of work, but a certain hinderer of work; and every man who comes to the front of a profession in London is marked by this one characteristic, that the more busy he gets the less alcohol he takes. . . . Good health, in my opinion, will always be injured by even small doses of alcohol. Even in small doses it will take the bloom off and injure the loveliness of health, both mental and moral.'

Little wonder that, with such medical counsel, such surroundings and such views, Gladstone was, nearly all his life, in advance of his associates on the great Temperance Reform question.

OUTSPOKEN FOR LEGISLATION.

Mr. Gladstone and his Ministers were plain and outspoken for legislation as far in the direction of Prohibition as yet seems practicable in England—the Local Option Bill. That is all the great body of the temperance people of that country feel it prudent to ask yet. When he was Prime Minister in 1891 he made a very notable speech at Newcastle on the 2nd of October, in which he said:

'I trust that most of you present may witness a thorough and effective reform of the laws connected with the traffic in alcoholic liquors, and that among the conditions of that improvement you may find a fair and just acknowledgment of the rights of local populations to deal with the question whether there shall or shall not be within these borders any acknowledgment of public-house traffic at all, just as effective as the right now possessed and that now exercised without exception to determine that important question by owners of the soil.'

The English landlords have long exercised the right of totally prohibiting the licensed sale of liquors on their premises. A week later the Hon. Sir William Harcourt, then Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Gladstone Cabinet, took exactly the same position in a speech at Glasgow.

'Rock of Ages.'

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me'—
  Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously
  From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
  Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down,
  On the current of the tune—
'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
  Let me hide myself in Thee.'

'Let me hide myself in Thee'—
  Felt her soul no need to hide;
Sweet the song as song could be—
  And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly
  Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not they each might be
  On some other lips a prayer—
'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
  Let me hide myself in Thee.'

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me'—
  'Twas a woman sung them now
Pleadingly and prayerfully;
  Every word her heart did know,
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
  Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred—
  Every syllable a prayer—
'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
  Let me hide myself in Thee.'

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me'—
  Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly—
  Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim,
'Let me hide myself in Thee;'
  Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully
  Like a river in its flow.
Sung as only they can sing
  Who life's thorny paths have pressed;
Sung as only they can sing
  Who behold the promised rest—
'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
  Let me hide myself in Thee.'

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me'—
  Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath, all restfully,
  All life's joys and sorrows hid.
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul,
  Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow's roll,
  Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
  Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
  Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye, still the words would be
  'Let me hide myself in Thee.'

In the Mission Field.

EXPERIENCES OF MR. S. DAYAU.

[The following extracts are from a letter just received from Mr. S. Dayau, a convert of the Sabrevois Mission, who left Montreal a few months ago to do mission work among the heathen in Anam, South China, under the auspices of the Christian and Missionary Alliance.

HENRY E. BENOIT,
Rector of l'Eglise du Rédempteur.]

Steamship 'Coptic,'
March 31, 1902.

Rev. H. E. Benoit,

Dear Brother,—Mrs. Dayau and myself had intended to go to China via France. But at the last moment our itinerary was changed and it was decided that we should sail from the Pacific Coast.

I am writing this letter on board the ship as we are nearing the bay on which is situated the City of Yokohama. A few minutes past I was on deck surrounded by the hurry and indescribable bustle of a large number of passengers, some are singing, others are shouting for joy at the sight of land. I envy these English people and I ask myself 'Why am I not rejoicing as they are?' 'These rocky cliffs, this beautiful bay; this green and silent water, this picturesque city, this London of the Far East; all these scenes. It is better that I should be brief. But first by thousands of Japanese faces, do they not equally smile upon me? . . . Yet an indefinable melancholy was taking possession of my soul; this vision of the unknown, in which I felt lost, was terrifying me. My eyes gazed upon everything without seeing anything. I thought of all things, yet could think of nothing. . . This new world unveiling itself before me seemed rather to unnerve me. I was elsewhere than actually in Japan. 'Ah,' I thought, 'if only I had a friend here!' All at once I thought of you and determined to write.

But where shall I begin? What shall I write? If I was not afraid to impose upon your patience I would write a whole book. It is better that I should be brief. But first let me say a word about our last few days in New York. Owing to our arriving too late for the steamer, which sailed on the 5th of March, we were delayed a few days in New York. This delay was very fortunate, since it gave us the opportunity of learning how numerous were our English-speaking friends, and how truly great was the affection of our leaders. On three different occasions I was privileged to address large congregations, at the close of each service a perfect stream of people came to shake hands with me and to speak words of encouragement. On Sunday evening I addressed an audience of 1,500 people—about twenty hymns were sung and the farewell meeting lasted two hours. When I retired that night I had pledged myself to correspond with more than sixty people. I was especially complimented on my "broken" English. (Mr. Dayau could not speak English at all one year ago.)

On the 7th of March Messrs. Simpson and Funck came to bid us a final farewell, while each presented us with gifts of books and money. This was an especially trying day on account of the peculiar emotions which seize the traveller on the eve of departure. At 6.30 p.m. we were already being swiftly taken to Buffalo, where we arrived the next morning, and from thence, after a delay of two hours we started for Chicago. Our friends in New York had chosen to send us on our journey in first class carriages. They might have sent us in second class, but they did not do so. We arrived in Chicago at 9.15 p.m., and two hours later we were on our way to San Francisco. The distance from Chicago to the great Californian city is over 3,000 miles. We covered it in four days and five nights. We soon became acquainted with each of the thirty passengers who, like ourselves, were on their way to California. Two of these chance acquaintances were Mr. and Mrs. ——, living in Los Angeles. Mr. —— is just my own age, and, strange to say, his wedding day was the same as mine. Mrs. —— is a Romanist, while the husband is a Protestant. They were agreed in not attending any church. I had many discussions with these friends, and with the help of God succeeded, I think, in inculcating in them a desire for the reading of the New Testament. I did not have one to give them, therefore I shall thank you in advance for the one you will send to their address, which I enclose. They are intelligent, educated and rich. May we not hope that God will call them to his service.

We remained with these friends a day and a half in San Francisco, for they had determined to see us off. It seemed so strange that in Canada, where we have parents and friends, no one came to see us off, while in a strange and to us unknown country, these people should make a long break in their journey for the unique purpose of bidding us good-bye on our leaving America. 'I wish I could go with you to China as a missionary,' said Mr. ——, as he shook hands with me. 'Good-bye,' he added. These were his last words to us. A few minutes later we are leaving the wharf, from the distance we can still hear the good-byes of our two kind friends, soon we can only clearly distinguish the fluttering of two white handkerchiefs. Good-bye! dear friends! Good-bye, San Francisco! Good-bye, New York! Good-bye, Montreal! Truly I was deeply moved. Why is it, dear Mr. Benoit, that these two persons should have become attached to us, and should have insisted upon seeing us off? How were we drawn together? Who sent them to us? Ah! I cannot tell, but from the depth of my heart I cried and still do cry, 'Oh, God! Thou alone are adorable and thy Providence it never faileth.' He did not wish that we should leave this land altogether 'forsaken,' in his tenderness and perfect Fatherhood he raised us friends among strangers. Truly we little know under what corner of heaven the star of our happiness is fixed. . . . On the 20th of March we arrived at Honolulu, the largest city (village) of the Hawaiian Archipelago. It has a population of about 7,000 souls, mainly Americans, Portuguese and Hawaiians. We visited the two largest volcanoes in the world, we were assured. One was then in action, the other extinct. We climbed the Palm, a height of 8,400 feet. We visited the Governor's Palace; the large Roman church; we called at the Protestant mission, and finally tired out and covered with dust we returned to our ship. What impresses one most in Honolulu is the splendid vegetation, more luxuriant, perhaps, than at any other place on earth. The Americans look upon this island as a veritable paradise, where the strangest of flowers give their sweet scent during the whole twelve months of the year. The tourist's attention is particularly drawn to the peculiar dress of the women, which seems to consist more in wreaths of flowers than in cotton fabrics. The whole population of the city is gathered at the wharf to welcome the arrival of our steamer. These people seem to have nothing else to do. We were received with music and great sounds of rejoicing, while at our parting only mournful strains could be heard from countless musicians, making a melody truly Oriental. Twenty-four hours later we were on our way to Yokohama, a journey of ten days from Honolulu.

The sea had been very kind to us almost the whole of our voyage. It was possible that we might appreciate its kindness the more that about twenty-four hours before our arrival in the great Japanese port a terrible storm should overtake us. It was really horrible. Immense waves rose like mountains on each side of the ship, breaking at times over the deck, sweeping all before them, breaking everything, creating consternation not only among the passengers, but also among the sailors. We were already haunted with visions of death. To speak frankly, I was not free from fear. As for Mrs. D., she covered her head in blankets not to see the awful fury of the ocean through the port holes of the ship. We were both filled with very solemn thoughts.

At last we had the satisfaction to see the sky becoming clearer, the waves did not seem so fierce, the rolling and plunging of the ship became less distressing, and we regained courage as we clearly saw that the danger was past. By the time we had entered the bay of Yokohama the sea was as placid as a lake. A truly marvellous transformation.

Except the storm I have just described, there has not been anything of special interest to break the monotony of our journey to Yokohama. One old Chinaman died during the voyage. He was returning to his native land after six years' sojourn in America. I read the whole of the New Testament and all the minor prophets during the journey from San Francisco to Yokohama. I do not know what I should have done without my New Testament, as all the books in the ship's library are rather for the idle amusement of tourists.

Yokohama, April 2, 1902.

We have been anchored here for the past two days. In that time we have been on land and visited the city, which, with its low dwellings and numberless flags that float everywhere, seems to us like a huge market. There are no carriages drawn by horses in Japan. The noble vocation of carrier is a thriving one. In the place of waggons are seen what the Japanese call 'Jinriksha,' a sort of large two-seated baby-carriages, which are wheeled by Japanese 'Maruka' at ten cents an hour. These vehicles are counted by the hundreds in all the streets.

Yokohama, as you know, is the largest Japanese port open to European commerce, and it is practically the port of the capital of Japan, Tokio, the Holy City, the Jerusalem of Buddhism. Tokio is a veritable treasure-house of most antique curiosities, and is inhabited by more than a million and a half of people of whom not more than 156 are 'white.' It is connected with Yokohama by a railway. The journey of 18 miles is made in 50 minutes. As we near Tokio we catch a glimpse of Fujiyama, a famous Japanese mountain, whose summit reaches an altitude of 12,400 feet. The city of Tokio abounds in interesting places. There is a beautiful public library, where may be seen many people reading while they lie upon the floor. There is also a splendid museum, but the building most worthy of interest is without doubt the temple of Sheba, the Jesus of Japan. I shall not try a description

of this stronghold of a worship which Christianity has not yet destroyed. Let me only say that this temple carries so well its 4,000 years that one is tempted to disbelieve that it is so old. Its worth in money is more than $400,000,000. Its chapels are numbered by the dozens, while its stone shrines are thousands. One would be lost in going through it without a guide. The adjoining courts are so numerous that in one whole afternoon we could only take in the whole at a glance. As we left this favorite resort of the Emperor, Mrs. D., sitting in her jinriksha, said, 'I now know what Buddha means.' 'You may consider yourself honored,' I replied, 'to have been allowed to pay a visit to this god with his 10,000 offspring, gods like himself, gilded and worshipped.' It was 8 o'clock in the evening when we returned to our vessel in the harbor of Yokohama and less than half an hour later we were on our way to Kobé, where we expect to be in the morning.

I will here say good-night. Yet, remember, that it is 4 o'clock a.m. in America, and you are about to rise. I will then bid you good-day. But I am forgetting that we are separated by more than a few hours. Last Monday we were ordered by the captain to drop overboard one day of the week. So that after Sunday we began Tuesday. It is enough to lose one's bearing altogether. I will therefore say good-day and good-night, and leave you to select which it is while I retire to sleep.

Shanghai, April 7, 1902.

Kobé, where we arrived on the morning of April 3, is situated at a distance of 350 miles from Yokohama. There are a number of flourishing industries in Kobé. We visited a number of places and bought some silk. The number of Germans in Kobé is quite large. Our next stop was at Nagasaki. This, our last Japanese port, is very interesting, and most beautifully situated. I think that after Genoa and Constantinople, it is the most beautiful site in the world, while its port has few equals, if any, in Europe. We were enchanted during the crossing from Kobé to Nagasaki. Nature is here clothed in its most majestic and exquisite beauty, and the Bay of 'Naga' is the crowning point of this long panorama which I would only minimize and spoil by attempting to describe.

We had no small difficulty in entering Shanghai, our first Chinese port. Although this city is said to be a miniature Paris we were unable to see it, owing to the limited time we shall remain here. We hope to be on our way in two hours. While Mrs. D. is watching the Chinese 'making rice,' I will mail this letter. I shall write on my arrival and continue this journal where I now leave off in Shanghai.

At a distance of 11,000 miles I send you the best wishes of a brother in Christ. . . . .

S. DAYOU.

Faithful in Little.

Do what you can, being what you are,
Shine like a glowworm, if you cannot as a star.
Work like a pulley, if you cannot as a crane,
Be a wheel greaser, if you cannot drive a train.

Be the pliant oar, if you cannot be a sailor,
Be the little needle, if you cannot be the tailor,
Be the cleansing broom, if you cannot be the sweeper,
Be the sharpened sickle, if you cannot be the reaper.

—Payne.

One Young Man's Rise.

(By Frederick E. Burnham, in 'Wellspring.')

Henry Currier was employed in one of the large shoe factories of Lynn. He had been obliged to enter the shop before he was sixteen years of age, for his father had died suddenly, leaving the little family destitute. The pay was small, and there was little prospect of increase, for the earnings of experienced hands averaged less than ten dollars a week. This set Currier to thinking.

The thought occurred to the young man that a thorough knowledge of some other business would be useful some day, and casting about for a subject worthy of his attention, it is not strange that the first thing which claimed his notice was one that particularly interested him at the time—the care of plants and flowers.

'I have noticed this, mother,' said he, talking the matter over one evening, 'that the most successful people are those who make a specialty of something and stick to it, whatever the discouragements. I believe there is room for another in the florist's business, for one who thoroughly understands it, and I am going to prepare myself for that place.'

The following day, Currier began his line of study by procuring a book on botany that treated of the most simple and easily understood forms of plant life. He learned the names of the plants and grasses common in that section of the country; recognized them when he discovered their hiding place. The long rambles he took through the neighboring forests when work was dull in the shop were no longer lonely, though he went alone; for his little friends were about him, and at every turn he greeted an old acquaintance or discovered a new one.

Other books were purchased, and the young man learned facts about plants of which he had never dreamed; each chapter seemed to unfold new beauties in nature. But it was not all smooth sailing. There were discouragements attendant upon the course of study. There were times when he had to choose between a new hat or a new overcoat and a required book. When weary with the day's toil, and rest would have been most welcome, he devoted hours to study.

Four years from the time when he first began his course of study, he sought employment of one of the leading florists of the city.

'What is the name of that plant?' queried the florist, pointing to a foreign shrub.

The answer interested the proprietor, for it was correct, and indicated thought on the young man's part.

'Where is its home?'

The reply amazed the florist, for it was a question which would have staggered many a botanist.

'Where did you work last?' asked the florist.

'At Dana and Woodbury's.'

'That's a shoe shop.'

'Yes; I was a buffer.'

'Never worked at this business, then?'

'No, sir.'

'Studied some, I presume?'

'I have given my spare time to the study of plants for about four years.'

'Come prepared to work in the morning. I will give you a dollar a day to start with. As soon as I see that you are worth more than that to me your wages will be raised.'

The following day Currier was set to work potting plants, and the florist, who stood for a few moments watching him, commented favorably upon his efforts in that line. A month slipped away and he was given work with which one of the old hands was not trusted. The florist had discovered that an exceptionably valuable man had come to him.

'Why do you put that young sprout over me?' demanded one of the old gardeners, testily.

'Because that young sprout knows something,' was the reply.

It was the truth, though the employer might have tempered his words a trifle. That was the secret of the young man's favor in the eyes of his employer. He had made the study of plants a specialty, and concentrating all his energies in that direction, he had become a valuable man.

Within a few months a firm doing business under the name of Harding and Currier had been formed, the former name being that of the florist who engaged Currier at the beginning of his career.

How Currier contrived to win success in a business so entirely foreign to his trade is a mystery to many of his former shopmates. They failed to understand the meaning of those long jaunts in the forest and the value of the long winter evenings when he was buried in his books.

It is this concentration of thought upon one branch that is sure to bring a large measure of success to any intelligent young man or young woman. The world is full of men and women who know a little of several branches, but have become master of none of them. Singleness of purpose is the key of success; and if we profit by the lives of those who have gained the heights, we cannot fail to see that there is no perplexing combination guarding the magic doors.

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The following are the contents of the issue of May 23, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

St. Lucia and St. Vincent—From 'The West Indies,' by Amos Kidder Fiske, A.M.
The Young King of Spain—'M. A. P.,' London.
Count Matsukata's Views on Japanese Finance—By J. Morris, in the 'Morning Post,' London.
Into the Way of Peace—By Canon H. Scott Holland, in 'The Commonwealth,' London.
Death and the War Machine—'The Spectator,' London.
The Steamship Combine—From 'Engineering,' London.
Coronation Vestments and Robes of Estate—Manchester 'Guardian.'
A Morning on the Magistrate's Bench, as seen by Ian Maclaren—'Daily Mail,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Royal Academy Exhibition—London 'Daily News,' 'Daily Telegraph,' 'Morning Post' and Manchester 'Guardian.'
English Music in the Nineteenth Century—Review by Arthur Hervey, in the 'Morning Post,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

A Novel of Spain—'The Mail,' London.
Popularity—'Academy and Literature,' London.
Travels in Berkshire—'The Pilot,' London.
The Encyclopaedia Britannica—The First of the New Volumes, reviewed by Professor Case, in 'The Times,' London.
The London of George I.—'Morning Post,' London.
M. Maeterlinck and the Strenuous Life—'Daily Mail,' London.
English as She is Spoke in the United States—New York 'Sun.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Spectacles and Climate—'American Medicine.'
The Coloring Matter of Plants—'The Scotsman,' Edinburgh.
Euclid as a Text-book—Westminster 'Budget.'
The Repulsive Power of Light—By Garrett P. Serviss, in the May 'Cosmopolitan.'
Wireless Telegraphy by a New System—Boston 'Evening Transcript.'

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LITTLE FOLKS

Duty First.

('The Adviser.')

One day Willie Fraser was sent down the street by grandma to the chemist's shop for some medicine, which the doctor had prescribed for Willie's mother, who was just recovering from a long illness.

'Don't linger on the way, dear,' grandma said, as she handed him the slip of white paper on which the doctor had written the name of the mixture. 'Mamma is waiting for it, and she is not quite so well to-day.'

Willie nodded, and ran off. It was a half-holiday in school, and he was going to a cricket match

YOU'LL BE LATE FOR THE MATCH.

with some of his school companions, so he felt a little vexed with his grandmother for sending him for the bottle when she might have sent one of his sisters instead. But he was a good-natured boy at heart though somewhat careless and idle, so he said nothing.

He reached the chemist's shop and in a few minutes the mixture was handed to him across the counter. Willie took it up, and began to retrace his way homeward. Before he had gone many steps, however, he met one of his companions, Andrew Stewart, a much bigger boy than himself, for whom Willie had a great admiration, hurrying along.

'Come on, Fraser,' said the boy, stopping, 'You'll be late for the match unless you hurry up. I'm just going down now, so come along.'

'But I must go home first with some medicine for mother,' Willie said. 'I won't be long, Stewart, you might wait for me.'

'Nonsense!' exclaimed Andrew Stewart. 'I can't wait for you, and you are a muff if you lose the game over a bottle of medicine. Come along, the boys are all on the field waiting for us.'

Willie stood for a moment uncertain what to do, then, as Andrew began to move on impatiently, he ran after him.

'All right,' he said, 'I'll come. It can't make much difference for an hour, and I'll hurry home whenever the game is over.'

The boys were soon at the field, and in a few minutes the game was in full swing. Willie forgot all about the bottle in his pocket, in the excitement of victory, for his side was winning steadily. It was only when he saw a dark stream pouring from his jacket that he put up his hand quickly, and discovered that his mother's medicine bottle was broken in fragments. Then all the pleasure and excitement died out of Willie's face, and if it had not been for the other boys round him, I think he would have burst into tears.

The game was over, and Willie hurried away without waiting for any of the others. His conscience told him that he had done wrong, and, being an honest boy, his first thought was to go and confess it all to his grandmother. But as he came in sight of the house his courage began to fail, and it was with a very shamefaced appearance that he entered the door.

'You must learn to say no to the tempter, my boy,' said grandmama, when Willie had confessed all. '"He that wavereth is lost," and you must do your duty first in this world, even though the other boys call you a "muff" for doing it. And I am sure none of them would have thought the less of you for being a little behind time on account of your sick mother.'

Willie listened with a bowed head, and when his grandmother had finished speaking he went over to her chair and leant his sunny face against her knee.

'I'll try, grandmama, with God's help and yours, to be a better boy from this day,' he whispered.

And I think he has succeeded.

A Real Jack and Jill.

(By M. Ethel Joslin.)

'Jack and Jill went up a hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.'

Esther was singing this around the house.

'Mamma,' she asked, 'was there ever a really truly Jack and Jill?'

Mamma laughed as she disappeared into the pantry, where she was making some cakes for Esther's birthday party that afternoon. Five little girls were coming to help Esther celebrate her birthday, and have supper out under the trees. Mamma looked back into the kitchen, and said:

'Ask Robert.'

As Esther's big brother Robert came into the house, she ran to him and whispered:

'Was there ever a Jack and Jill,

really and truly, and did they go up a hill to get a pail of water?'

'Mother Goose said there was,—didn't she?' said Robert.

Still Esther was not satisfied, but just then her mother called to her:

'Esther, will you and Eddie find some eggs in the barn for me? I want some more for your cake.'

Esther went to find Eddie. And he was not far off, for where one was the other was sure to be. They were always together from morning to night. The family called them 'The Two E's.'

They ran gladly to the barn ,and up the ladder on to the hay-mow, for they thought it the greatest fun to hunt eggs in the hay. The old hens did find such out-of-the-way places, where you would never think of looking, until, with a loud cackle, old Biddie would fly off, if you came too near.

Eddie's basket was soon full, and he was looking for Esther, when, right beside him, she sprang up from under the hay, where she was hiding. Somehow he slipped, and went over the edge of the mow. Esther tried to catch him, but she too lost her balance, and went tumbling over after him, down on to a lower hoy-mow, where flying hay, the basket, eggs and children were a confused heap.

As they struggled to their feet, a burst of laughter came from Robert, standing in the barn door. Seeing they were not hurt, he laughed and laughed till he could laugh no more, while Eddie and Esther looked ruefully at each other, with wisps of hay sticking in their hair, and broken eggs plentifully bespattered over Eddie who looked as if he had unwillingly taken the share that belonged to the cake.

In this plight they went into the house and greatly astonished their mother at their appearance. She did not approve of eggs broken in that fashion. She would much rather have had them in a cake. Then Robert said to Esther:

'Now, Esther, you can believe there is a Jack and Jill, because I myself have seen Jack fall down, and Jill came tumbling after. Only this Jack went after eggs instead of water.'

At first in fun, and then all the time, Eddie and Esther were called Jack and Jill, so that now they are 'The Two J's' instead of 'The Two E's.'—'Sunday School Times.'

Claude and Katherine.

Yes, Claude and Katherine had been decidedly naughty that day.

It had rained, and everything had seemed to go wrong. I think that some days seem to be like this all through—everything just as it ought not to be.

First Claude had broken his engine, and that made him exceedingly cross. Then Katherine had cut her finger, and had cried and cried, and been altogether very peevish, fretful, and grumbling.

At four the skies cleared, and they set out for a walk. To Claude's surprise a funny little man, dressed in black, with a hood over his head and drawn down over his face, jumped along by his side.

He was an ugly little man, and seemed to be talking to himself. Claude bent down his ear and heard, 'Stupid old thing, I don't care. Bother you, oh! bother!'

'What's your name?' Claude said, thoroughly disgusted, stopping in the wet deserted street. Kathy was on in front a good way, they did not feel inclined to walk together that day.

'My name's Timothy Temper, of course,' snapped the little man, in such a cross way.

'Why are you here? Go away,' said Claude, 'go away at once.'

'Why, you asked me!' said Timothy, and drew back his hood, and revealed a most fearful and hideous face, all distorted with passion, and scowling and angry. You said, 'I hate everything, I don't know what to do, bother it all'; if that's not an invitation, what is?'

So ugly he looked, so black and horrible, that Claude was frightened. 'You—you are so—so awful to look at,' he stammered.

'Just the same as you were this morning,' was the quick answer.

Claude felt terribly ashamed. Could he have looked so? 'Well, go away, please,' he cried, 'I hate you, Timothy Temper.'

Like a flash the black imp disappeared. Claude hurried on to Kathy and said in his usual good-natured way (for Claude was not a bad boy by any means) 'Kathy, I'm sorry I was so hateful this morning.'

Then the sun shone out on them, and Kathy began to tell her brother a wonderful story, how a little witch had walked by her side, called Gladys Grumbles. 'And oh, Claude,' said Kathy, 'she muttered to herself, and kept on saying, "What a shame! It's too bad!" and she worried me so, and her face was all horried and gloomy and with tears on it; and I offered her money to go away, or anything.'

'Did she go? I don't see her now,' asked Claude, with great interest.

'No, she didn't go; she began sighing, and saying no one paid her proper attention; and at last I said very low, for I was rather frightened, "Go away, Gladys Grumbles, i don't like you at all," and she vanished.'

Claude said nothing. Kathy went on rather shyly, 'You see, Claude, I was very grumbly this morning, wasn't I? Just like the horrid little witch. Oh, I never mean to let Gladys Grumbles visit me again.'

'Nor I old Tim Temper,' Claude said, and told his tale to his sister.

When they walked home, and got in to tea, mother and father were pleased to find smiles and gentleness instead of tears and crossness. —'The British Monthly.'

New Recruits.

('Temperance Record.')

Johnnie Smith and Billie Brown,
And little Minnie May,
With Susie Small, are going to join
The Band of Hope to-day.
Then work, boys, work, girls,
In spite of sneer or frown,
We'll soon have every boy : girl
Who lives within the town.

And then, if we but keep our pledge
And stick to what we've said,
'Twill not be very long before
The traffic will be dead.
Then work, boys, sing, girls,
The traffic must go down,
When we have every boy and girl
Who lives within the town.

We're children now, but we'll be men
And women by and by;
Then none will sell, because there'll not
Be any one to buy.
Then work, boys, help, girls,
To bring that time along
When none will drink and none will sell,
But all will think it wrong.

Sample Copies.

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LESSON XI.—JUNE 15.

Paul Crosses to Europe.

Acts xvi., 6-15. Commit to memory vs. 9, 10. Read Acts xvi., 1-15.

Golden Text.

'Thou shalt be his witness unto all men.'—Acts xxii., 15.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 9.—Acts xvi., 6-15.
Tuesday, June 10.—Acts xvi., 16-24.
Wednesday, June 11.—Acts xvi., 25-34.
Thursday, June 12.—Acts xxvi., 12-23.
Friday, June 13.—II. Cor., ii., 12-17.
Saturday, June 14.—Ezek. xl., 14-20.
Sunday, June 15.—Phil. iv., 1-9.

Lesson Text.

(6) Now when they had gone throughout Phrygia and the region of Galatia, and were forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia, (7) After they were come to Mysia, they assayed to go into Bithynia; but the Spirit suffered them not. (8) And they, passing by Mysia, came down to Troas. (9) And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us. (10) And after he had seen the vision, immediately we endeavored to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us for to preach the gospel unto them. (11) Therefore loosing from Troas, we came with a straight course to Samothracia and the next day to Neapolis; (12) And from thence to Philippi, which is the chief city of that part of Macedonia, and a colony: and we were in that city abiding certain days. (13) And on the Sabbath we went out of the city by a river side, where prayer was wont to be made; and we sat down, and spake unto the women which resorted thither. (14) And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, which worshipped God, heard us; whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul. (15) And when she was baptized, and her household, she besought us, saying, If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house, and abide there. And she constrained us.

Suggestions.

Paul probably had reason to fear that the teachers who insisted on having the Gentiles adopt the whole Jewish law, had disturbed the churches he had formed in Asia Minor. Therefore, he set out to visit these churches again and teach them more fully the freedom and power of Christianity. He asked Barnabas to go. Barnabas wished to take his relative Mark. Paul objected, because Mark had left them on the former journey. Even apostles cannot always agree on methods of work. Barnabas took Mark, and went to Cyprus, his native country, where there was doubtless much work to be done. His confidence in Mark was justified by Mark's future life and work. Paul selected Silas from among perhaps a number of Christian workers who were willing to go to the foreign field, and started on a tour through Asia Minor. He seems to have been joined at Lystra by Timothy (Acts xvi., 1-3), and at Troas by Luke, who begins in verse 10 to say 'we' instead of 'they.' Paul wished to preach in the western part of Asia Minor, as well as the eastern, but was prevented, strangely as it must have seemed to him, by the direct guidance of the Holy Spirit. God's leading is often gradual. Paul must have known for some days or weeks, while travelling in 'Roman Asia,' that God had a new plan for him, since he was forbidden to preach there or to enter Bithynia. What the plan was he did not know till he reached Troas, a great shipping town on the westernmost coast of the continent of Asia, looking across the Egean sea toward Europe. This Troas was the ancient Troy, which was in earlier times besieged by the Greeks, according to the Iliad, the oldest of great European poems. Greeks had passed to and fro across the Egean sea for uncounted years; doubtless there were Greeks there at this time, sailors from 'the isles,' soldiers and others from the northern country of Alexander the Great. It was one of these latter, a Macedonian, and perhaps, as Farrar thinks, a soldier, that appeared to Paul in a vision (verse 9). Now, Paul knew why God had kept him from spending his time in the country he had intended to evangelize. A new field opened before him, and he and his three companions confidently went forward (verse 10). This was a new mission, which the home church at Antioch had not sent them on. They could hardly know, themselves, how great their mission was, even after the preparation of long days of uncertainty and the vision by which Paul was finally guided. For up to this time the Christian church was Asiatic, and it was the whole of what we proudly call 'the white race' who stood in Macedonian garments before Paul's eyes, bidding him come over into Europe and help us. With this fact in view, how can anyone deny either that the Gospel is adapted to the needs of Asiatics, or that it is our turn to go over into Asia and help them? Notice in verses 11, 12, that the details of the journey are given much more than in the earlier part of the chapter. This is because Luke was now one of the party, and would remember the journey well when he came to write it down. Philippi was an important Greek city, whose population was largely Roman ('a Roman colony,' verse 12 R. V.). When the missionaries got there, they expected to find a Jewish place of worship, where they would begin their mission in the usual way. (verse 13, R. V., 'a riverside where we supposed there was a place of prayer). An open air meeting near a river where ceremonial washings could be performed, was often the only Jewish service in a large town. The fact that there were only women attending this meeting in Philippi is accounted for by the decree of Claudius banishing Jews from Roman colonies. Lydia, a wealthy business woman, was the first convert. She was not a native Macedonian, she had come from Thyatira, a city in the district of Lydia (from which she probably got her name) in that same Roman Asia where Paul had wished to preach. Missionaries sometimes notice nowadays that a stranger in some heathen city will open his heart more readily to the gospel than those who are surrounded by their home ties. Lydia must have been a widow, and the head of a family, as 'her household' are spoken of (v. 15) though this term would include servants as well as children. Christianity is a family religion, and a religion of hospitality. She begged for the honor of having all the four missionaries stay at her house, and though Paul did not usually accept favors of this kind from his converts, he yielded to her urgent wish. What a blessing it must have been for the household of Lydia, some of them, doubtless, young and ignorant, to have the company of four such men, Paul, Silas, Luke, and Timothy! The beginning of the work among Europeans was to be attended by much discouragement. How kindly God gave the missionaries a convert and friend of this hearty disposition to cheer their first days in Philippi!

C. E. Topic.

Sun., June 15.—Topic—Why total abstinence is best. Rom. xiv., 13-23. (Temperance meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

A CHRISTIAN VACATION.

Mon., June 9.—Out-of-doors. Ps. xix., 1, 2.

Tues., June 10.—Helping others. I. Thess. i., 3.

Wed., June 11.—Remembering the pledge. Ps. lxv., 1.

Thus., June 12.—Having a good time. Neh. viii., 10.

Fri., June 13.—Strengthening the body. Isa. xli., 1.

Sat., June 14.—Doing God's will. Ps. xl., 8.

Sun., June 15.—Topic—The vacation Jesus would approve. Ps. cvi., 3; xvi., 5-11.

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The Use of Barley.

'When I was in my barley field last harvest I thought much of the goodness and mercy of God, and my mind ran back to the time of the patriarchs, the prophets, and the apostles, and I thought of the ancient harvests, and of the beautiful story of Boaz and Ruth, and I was struck with the fact that in the Bible we never read of a malt-house, a brewery, or a distillery; and we know that in the olden and better times the barley was used for food, and we never read of its being turned into beer until many ages had passed away. Some who do not agree with me may say "What was barley sent for?" and to such I would put this question: "Do you think that our Heavenly Father sent the sunshine and the shower, the darkness and the light, to bring barley to a state of perfection in order that it might be worse than destroyed in turning it into beer?' For, and I say it with emphasis, that as a good, sound, nutritious, solid article of food, it is worse than destroyed when by the fermenting process it is converted into beer; and if you really wish to know what barley was sent for, you have only to read your Bibles, and there you will clearly see how the wisest and best men used it; and if you wish to follow in their footsteps, you will neither make nor drink beer.

'If we were to use the barley as food, either for ourselves, our fowls, or our cattle, we should get a most profitable return. We should have meat, eggs and poultry more abundant and cheaper. There would be less idleness and more work; less crime and more virtue; less poverty and more money. The magistrates and policemen would have but little to do.'—'Temperance Record.'

A Double Knock.

'In knocking down his wife the man knocked me out of the liquor trade.' In these words Mr. F. N. Charrington, so well known in connection with religious and temperance work in East London closes his account of the way in which he was led to sever his connection with the great brewing firm of Charrington, Head & Co., of which he was a partner. The man in question was drinking in a public-house which Mr. Charrington happened to be passing. His wife just at that moment pushed open the door, and appealed to her husband for money to buy bread for their starving children. By way of answer her husband felled her to the ground. Mr. Charrington noticed that the signboard bore the name of his firm. He reflected that this particular house probably furnished many such cases and that the same was true of the hundreds of other houses owned by the company. The responsibility was more than he could bear, and from that hour he resolved to give up his partnership, worth about £20,000 a year. —'League Journal.'

Intemperance: A Timely Acrostic.

Insidious spirit, whose ignoble name
Nature's accomplished sons have borne with shame;
Talents which listening Senates might admire,
Ensnared by thee, are quenched in Moloch's fire.
Man, once the image of his Maker, lies
Prostrate before thee, impotent to rise:
Each power of thought, each high-bred purpose gone
Reason, disordered, leaves her tottering throne;
And he whose lofty genius might have trod
Nature's sublimest heights to nature's God,
Cursed by thy withering touch and fetid breath,
Ends a dishonored life in shame and death.
—J. Thomas Smith, in 'Christian Herald.'

Correspondence

New Campbellton.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. My birthday is on April 16. I live on a farm in New Campbellton, C.B., with my grandpa and grandma. My mother is dead, and my father is in Boston. We have seven head of cattle, sheep, two horses, one pig and one dog. His name is Sailor. I have one brother, whose name is John. I am going to school every day, and I am in the fourth grade. We take the 'Northern Messenger' in our school. Annie McN.

New Campbellton, C.B., N.S.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Northern Messenger.' I like reading the letters very much, and find them interesting. I am twelve years of age, and in the eighth grade. My sister is teaching school in this section. She lets the scholars read the 'Messenger' on Friday evenings.

EMERSON WATTS R.

Tupperville.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. My auntie takes the 'Messenger,' and I like to read it. I read the letters first. I have a little brother two months old. His birthday is on January 3, 1902. I have two sisters and five brothers. My little brother's name is Charles Everett. I live on a farm. I have a big doll, two feet and a half high. My mamma gave it to me last summer. I have some pets, a dog, a cat, and a canary bird. The dog's name is Wallace, and the cat's name Kitty. It is very pleasant here in the summer. We have a large orchard. I have lots of playthings. I got a game named Ring Tiddlywinks, and a drawing slate with paints. Also a great many other things. One of my brothers is working in Portland and another in Emberton, and the other on the train between Montreal and Island Pond, and the other is at home. My eldest brother is twenty-three years and my youngest two months.

HENRIETTA T.

Vroomanton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy. My birthday is on New Year's day. I am nine years old. I have two brothers. We have three horses and two colts. The horses' names are Jim, Jess and the driver's name is Dolly, and the colts' names are Dick and Fan. We have ten head of cattle. We have nine little pigs and twelve sheep, and about fifty hens. We have four geese and three ducks. I have a swing. I go to school and to Sunday-school. I have a cat and no dog. My brother takes the 'Messenger.' He is seven years old. We like the paper very much.

HERBIE W.

Silverdale, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I have two sisters and two brothers. We have a cat and a dog. His name is Carlo. I live on a farm. In the summer we have good times playing in the woods. I go to school nearly every day, and to Sunday-school nearly every Sunday. We have a sugar bush and the men are tapping the trees, so we will have some maple syrup, and like it very much.

HAZEL B.

Exploits, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger,' for I have only taken it a little while. I go to school and am in the second book. I was ten years old on Jan. 30. I wonder if any other little girl's or boy's birthday is on the same day as mine. I like reading the paper very much. I read all on the corespondence page. I have three brothers and four sisters. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. We have two goats called Blackie and Brownie, two pigs, three hens, and one cat, called Tabby. We had a magic lantern exhibition here this winter, and I enjoyed it very much.

H. MAY L. (aged 10).

New Campbellton, C.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a girl ten years old. I live on a farm in New Campbellton, C.B. We have three head of cattle, seven sheep, one horse, twenty-three hens and one rooster. I have two sisters and two brothers. My sisters' names are Katie and Lizzie. My brothers' names are John and Hilton. I go to school and I am in the fifth grade. I think my teacher is a very good teacher. I like to go to school very much.

ANNIE H.

Ladysmith, B.C.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen many letters in the 'Messenger' from girls of my own age, I thought I would write one too. I go to the public school, and I am in the third reader. My chief studies are arithemetic, grammar, reading, writing, spelling and geography. I have two brothers and three sisters. My youngest sister is three years old. Her name is Elsie, she is a dear little thing. My eldest sister plays the piano. We have a great big Newfoundland dog, his name is Bruno. He used to be in the Yukon with another man. He used to work very hard there. Ladysmith is quite a large town. We have a fine harbor, and lots of boats come in every day to get coal and other things. There are coal-mines not far from here, where the men go from here to work. The largest ship that ever came in here was called the 'Algoa.' It was crowded with Chinamen. MILDRED L. (aged 12).

Bayham, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school and we like it very much. The name of this village is Richmond, but the name of the post-office is Bayham. It is a very pretty little village and is situated on a hill. My father keeps store and the post-office. We have a nice school yard. I am in the fourth book, and go to school every day. Our school yard is used as the Sunday-school picnic grounds nearly every summer.

E. F. V.

Grand Valley, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for over a year. I like it very much, and would not like to be without it. I have one brother and one sister. I am eleven years old. MARY LAVINA T.

SOUTH HAMMOND, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for two years, and enjoy reading it very much. Each year I have sent a new subscriber, but this year I have been sick and not able to get a new subscriber. This is my birthday, and mamma has given me the money to send for this paper. I am ten years old. I have one sister and a baby brother. My sister and I go to school.

DORA E. M.

HANTS COUNTY, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live in the small village of Summerville, situated about three miles up the Avon river. There are two churches, two stores, one public hall and a school-house with two departments here. I am in the advanced department and in the sixth grade. I have been at the head of my class for several months. My favorite studies are geography and history. My only brother is in the tenth grade. We attend the Baptist church and are going to build a new one this summer. In connection with the church we have a Mission Band of about twenty-five members, of which my brother is secretary and I am treasurer. We also have a White Ribbon Army of about sixty-five members. We live a stone's throw from the river. The tide here is almost the highest in the world, at high tides rising about sixty feet. At high water the tide comes up to the bank, and at low water is out about three-quarters of a mile. We often go off to gather shells. About half a mile off is a large rock. One day, two friends and myself got surrounded by the tide and my uncle came off and carried us ashore. The water was up to his waist when he carried the last one ashore, which was I. Papa has one large sloop-boat and two row-boats. My brothers and I often go out rowing or sailing. Near our house is a ship-yard, where formerly they built many large ships. Half a mile down the river are blocks for repairing vessels. Opposite these, is Horton Bluff Lighthouse. On the opposite bank of the river is the small town of Hantsport. Further up on our side of the river is Avondale, and still further up is Windsor. A small steamer called the 'Avon' (named for the river), makes daily trips between Summerville and Windsor, calling at Hantsport and Avondale, and carrying passengers and freight. Papa takes passengers over the river in his boat when the 'Avon' cannot go. In winter the river is generally blocked with floating ice. The St. Croix is a tributary of the Avon and up this river are large gypsum quarries, and in summer an ocean tug tows the loaded barges to New York and brings back the empty ones. The tug tows three or four at a time. We go in bathing in the summer and enjoy it very much. I have two pet cats, Flossie and Tiny, and my brother has a dog called Prince. I have two dolls. Their names are Leora and Marjorie. I am very fond of reading and have quite a few books, such as 'Odd,' 'Our Bessie,' 'Probably Sons,' 'Miss Irving's Bible,' 'Beautiful Stories about Children,' 'Bruey,' and a number of picture books. This is the first year I have taken the 'Messenger,' and like it very much.

GLADYS M. (aged 12).

Howick, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I get the 'Messenger' and I like it very much. I have a cat and I call her Kitty. I had a very pleasant time at Easter. I go to day-school and I am in the second primer. I have no sisters or brothers. My father is a carpenter. I have a little canary and he is a nice singer.

HAZEL J. O.

Burnstown, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for a number of years, and I like it very much. I go to school every day I can and I am in the third book. I am taking music lessons and I am on my fifth quarter. My teacher's name is Miss Burton. My birthday is on May 30. I have no pets, but I have a darling little brother. He is two years old. I would like Jane C. McLeod to correspond with me if she would please write first. My address is:—

MAGGIE MACLEOD,
Burnstown, Ont.

Souris.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I live on a farm one mile from school. I am in the fourth class and I like my teacher very much. I have three brothers and one sister. I have a little pig called Pat.

MARY A. C. (aged 12).

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HOUSEHOLD.

Some Sponge Cakes.

Ginger Sponge Cake.—One cupful of molasses, one cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, four eggs, three cupfuls of flour, one cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of soda and one heaping tablespoonful of ginger.

Sponge Jelly Cake.—Three eggs, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of flour, three tablespoonfuls of cream in which have been dissolved half a teaspoonful of soda and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; flavor with nutmeg. Bake in a long tin; while warm spread with jelly and roll up.

Sponge Gingerbread.—Melt a piece of butter the size of a hen's egg; mix with a pint of molasses, a tablespoonful of ginger and a quart of flour; dissolve a heaping tablespoonful of saleratus in half a pint of milk; strain and mix it with the rest of the ingredients. Add sufficient flour to make it roll out easily, roll half an inch thick and bake on flat tins in a quick oven. If good Orleans molasses is used, this cake will be very light and spongy.

Berwick Sponge Cake.—Beat six eggs two minutes; add three cupfuls of sugar, beat five minutes; two cupfuls of flour, with two very small teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, beat one minute, half the rind, grated and the juice of one lemon. Two cupfuls of flour and a bit of salt. Bake twenty minutes.

Hot Water Sponge Cake.—In a mixing-bowl break four eggs and beat until frothed; then add two cupfuls of sugar and beat well together; then two cupfuls of flour into which has been mixed three and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder; lastly, two-thirds of a cupful of boiling water. Bake in two square tins. If desired, the two squares can be put together with frosting.—'Good Housekeeping.'

Taking the Children Into Partnership.

A lady was recently speaking of her plan to keep all business cares and anxieties from the knowledge of her children—keeping everything depressing out of their life, she called it—that they might be free to enjoy themselves as long as possible, with no feeling of trouble or responsibility. 'But will that really add to their happiness in the long run?' asked an older mother, dissentingly. 'We have always tried to take our children into partnership—to have them share our plans and interests, and let them know that we are trying to do and what we have to live on. It seems to me that successes are more valued if they come as something one has hoped for and helped to work for; and retrenchments are more easily borne if they are intelligently agreed upon in the family council instead of forced upon the younger members with only the bald statement that we cannot afford this or that. It strengthens the family tie if the children feel that it is our house, our business and our interests; if they know that their opinion is considered and that their votes count; it is a means of education in wisdom, self-control and unselfishness. Life's best good for all of us lies in its discipline; not in escaping its burdens, but in learning how to bear them.'—'Leslie's Weekly.'

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FREE 44-Piece China Tea Set 12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Tea Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated. A Regular $5.00 Set. Given absolutely free for selling at 15c. each, only 2 doz. lovely Coronation Scarf Pins, decorated in many bright colors, with a beautiful Portrait of His Majesty King Edward VII. in full military dress. Everybody buys. They sell like hot cakes. Write for pins. Sell them, return the money and we ship this magnificent 44-piece Tea Set. THE MAXWELL CO., BOX 456 TORONTO, ONT.

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FREE

Lady's or Gent's. Don't pay a cent for a good safety bicycle when you can get one good as new for nothing. We are giving them away absolutely free for selling at 15c. each only 6 doz. stylish Gold Topped Hat Pins, beautifully designed and set with handsome sparkling imitation Emeralds, Sapphires, Rubies, etc. They go like wildfire. Albert Goldstone, Brandon, Man., says: "The Hat Pins sell like hot cakes." Our Bicycles are a marvel of strength and beauty. The biggest dealer in the country could not furnish you with their equal new at less than $50.00. They have seamless steel tube enamelled frames, excellent Pneumatic tires, comfortable saddles, neat handle bars and genuine faultless ball bearings throughout. Every wheel we send out is fully guaranteed. Here is a chance of a lifetime. Don't miss it. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we will ship you a splendid Lady's or Gent's Bicycle same day money is received. All we ask is that you will show it to all your friends and tell them how you got it. THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 471 TORONTO, ONT.

CHOICE SILK REMNANTS 600 INCHES 15c

Delighted customers by hundreds testify to their marvellous cheapness. All of our pieces come from silk tie factories, where, as you know, only the best silks are used. These silks cost from $2.00 to $5.00 a yard. They are all of good size for fancy work, and are of priceless value for making Crazy Quilts, Drapes, Sofa Pillows, Tidies, Pincushions, etc. The variety of colors and designs is almost endless. They are of every conceivable pattern; plaids, polka dots, stripes, checks, etc., etc., all of the handsomest and brightest colors. Of the many dozens contained in each package no two pieces are alike. Having purchased the entire output of Remnants from all the Canadian tie factories, we are at present offering the Lady readers of this paper the greatest bargain in choice rich silk remnants ever heard of. WE POSITIVELY GUARANTEE ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION. Each package contains over 600 inches inches. Free, postpaid, 1 package, 15c.; 2—25c.; 3—35c.; 5—50c. Mail Order Supply Co., Box 461 Toronto

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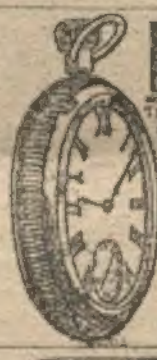
FREE 44-Piece China Tea Set 12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Tea Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated. A Regular $5.00 Set. Given for selling at 15c. each, only 2 doz. Heart Finger Rings, handsomely gold finished, elegantly designed, set with one large brilliant imitation Sapphire and 13 Snow white Pearls. They look like $50.00 Rings and would be a great bargain at 50c. At our clearing price 15c. they go like wildfire. Write and we send Rings. Sell them, return the money and we ship this magnificent 44-piece tea Set. THE BEST CO., BOX 456 TORONTO, ONTARIO.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP



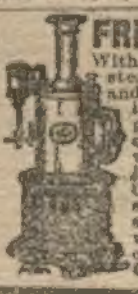
FREE

This handsome silver nickel Watch, with fancy edge and reliable movement, given for selling, at 15c. each, only one doz. Heart Finger Rings, handsomely Gold finished, elegantly designed, set with one large brilliant imitation Sapphire and 13 Snow White Pearls. They look like $50.00 Rings, and would be a great bargain at 50c. At our clearing price, 15c., they go like wildfire. Write for Rings to-day. Sell them, return the money, and we will send your handsome Watch, postpaid. THE BEST CO., BOX 479 TORONTO, ONT.

We give this PEARL HANDLED FOUR BLADED KNIFE for selling at 15c. only 8 Heart Finger Rings, handsomely Gold finished, elegantly designed, set with one large brilliant imitation Sapphire and 13 Snow White Pearls. They look like $50.00 Rings, and would be a great bargain at 50c. At our clearing price, 15c., they go like wildfire. Write for Rings, sell them, return them, and receive this fine knife postpaid. THE BEST CO., Box 448 TORONTO

FREE

GOLD CASED Watch elegantly engraved in solid gold design, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with an excellent jewelled movement. This watch looks worth $50.00. We give it for selling at 15c. each, only 2 doz. Heart Finger Rings, handsomely gold finished, elegantly designed, set with one large brilliant imitation Sapphire and 13 Snow white Pearls. They look like $50.00 Rings and would be a great bargain at 50c. At our clearing price 15c. they go like wildfire. Write for Rings. Sell them, return the money and receive this handsome watch, postpaid. BEST CO., Box 479 Toronto.



FREE STEAM ENGINE

With iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, given for selling at 15c. each only 4 Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Pins, sell them, return the money, and we send this well-made real Steam Engine with Spirit Lamp, Funnel, etc., all charges paid. THE JEWELRY CO., Box 443 Toronto, Ontario.

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